11:27

PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE

ELZEVIR LIBRARY.

A Semi-Weekly Magazine.

VOL. I. } FEBRUARY 27, 1883. { $2.00
NO. 17. } { A YEAR.

[Entered at the Post-Office, New York, as Second-Class Matter.]

AMERICAN HUMORISTS;

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BY H. R. HAWEIS.

PROSPECTUS.

It is intended that each number of THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY shall contain a complete *literary gem*, a characteristic specimen of the best product of the brain of the author who is represented. The numbers taken together will form a unique cyclopedia of the world's choicest literature. Subscriptions received for any separate numbers. The 104 numbers of a year will contain not less than 2912 pages, and should that number be reached in less than a year, subscriptions at $2 will be considered as terminated.

TO CLUBS.—An extra copy free for a club of five; three extra for a club of ten.

TO DEALERS.—Trade supplied direct, or by the news companies. Uncut copies returnable.

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,
18 VESEY ST., NEW YORK.
P. O. Box 1227.

Now Ready in
THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY.

The following have appeared in THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY, and are sold separately, at the prices affixed:

1	Rip Van Winkle. By Washington Irving.	2c.
2	The Burning of Rome. By Canon Farrar.	2c.
3	The Words of Washington.	4c.
4	Life of Washington Irving. By R. H. Stoddard.	6c.
5	The Sea-Serpents of Science. By Andrew Wilson.	2c.
6	Enoch Arden. By Alfred Tennyson.	2c.
7	The Motive and Habit of Reading. By Chas. F. Richardson.	2c.
8	Life of Frederick the Great. By T. B. Macaulay	7c.
9	Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Shakespeare.	7c.
10	Queen Mabel, etc. By Ellen Tracy Alden.	3c.
11	Sir Isaac Newton. By James Parton.	2c.
12	World Smashing, etc. By W. Mattieu Williams.	2c.
13	A Half Hour in Natural History. By S. H. Peabody.	3c.
14	Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Complete. Illustrated.	10c.
15	American Humorists—Irving.	2c.
16	Gustave Dore. By F. H. Norton. Illustrated.	3c.
17	American Humorists—Oliver Wendell Holmes.	2c.
18	The Cricket on the Hearth. Dickens. Illustrated.	10c.
19	American Humorists—James Russell Lowell	4c.
20	American Humorists—Artemus Ward.	2c.
21	American Humorists—Mark Twain.	2c.

READY MARCH 16.

The Commentaries of Cæsar. By Anthony Trollope. 15c.

READY MARCH 20.

The History of Herodotus. By Geo. C. Swayne. 15c.

READY MARCH 23.

Cicero. By W Lucas Collins. 15c.

READY MARCH 27.

The Deserted Village; The Traveler. By Oliver Goldsmith. 2c.

READY MARCH 30.

The Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems. Robert Burns. 2c.

BOUND VOLUMES.

The following are also issued in handsomely bound volumes:

1. American Humorists—Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Artemus Ward Mark Twain, Bret Harte. By R. H. Haweis. Cloth, 25c.; half Russia, 35c.
2. The Cricket on the Hearth. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations by Leech. Cloth, 25c.; half Russia, 35c.
3. The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. Complete, with fine illustrations. Cloth, 25c.; half Russia, 35c.
4. The Life of Frederick the Great. By T. B. Macaulay. Cloth, 18c.; half Russia, 25c
5. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By Shakespeare. Cloth, 18c.; half Russia, 25c.
6. The Commentaries of Cæsar. By Anthony Trollope. Cloth, 30c.
7. The History of Herodotus. By Geo. C. Swayne. Cloth, 30c.
8. Cæsar, Herodotus and Cicero, as above, bound in one volume. Cloth, 60c.; half Russia, 75c.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Some acts are interesting because of the actors, and some actors are interesting because of their acts: An observation, as Artemus Ward would say, requiring some thought, but one which will amply repay attention. As far as I can gather, the public exploits of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes do not call for special remark; they derive their interest almost entirely from the man.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Massachusetts in 1809; he is therefore seventy-three years old (1882). He graduated at Harvard in 1829. He tried the law, like Washington Irving, but soon exchanged the uncongenial pursuit of briefs for the more delightful occupation of writing prescriptions; and after studying medicine in Paris (1833), returned to Boston (1836), and became Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth, United States of America, in 1838 and at Harvard in 1847. After a medical practice of little more than fifteen years, he retired in 1849; and in the most insensible and spontaneous manner, by scattered writings, witty and wise speeches, and pleasant, often funny, poems and epigrams, has won for himself a foremost place in that very small band of American *littèrateurs* by whom the nineteenth century will be remembered. In every page of his writings I trace the influence of his medical and scientific training. Yet there is nothing of the narrow specialist about him. He is

an almost passionate physiologist, but no materialist. He bows reverently to the inexorable logic of cause and effect, yet acknowledges depths of Being undreamt of in medical philosophy. He loves fact, yet often salutes with awe the superior angel of imagination. Nor does he forget, amidst the iron tyrannies of experimental philosophy and the tremendous Empire of the Senses, the insoluable mystery and immence Supremacy of the Soul.

In Winter Dr. HOLMES lives at Boston, the Brain of the United States. In Summer at a private estate of his own, beautifully situated on the Housatonic River, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In America it seems to be the custom, at anniversaries and "inaugurations," to get eminent literary persons to write and recite poems. Such a thing is almost unknown in this country. Fancy Mr. TENNYSON or Mr. BROWNING reciting a poem on the opening of the Channel Tunnel or the International Exhibition! On such occasions, we invite Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT to make a speech, and our *vers d'occasion* are relegated to small literary societies—the Sheldonian Theatre or the Cambridge Senate House on degree days. But metrical essays are, or were, all the rage across the water. BRYANT, EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, and LOWELL have in turns distinguished themselves in this way. The *North American Review*, and later the *Atlantic Monthly*, sparkled with many poems and essays from Dr. HOLMES' pen. He wrote also prize essays on fever, homœopathy, and such like cheerful topics, ever scintillating with that shrewd prying, sympathetic curiosity and suggestiveness which gives such a personal, almost conversational, flavor to all his writings.

How shall I finish this meagre biographical paragraph? I had better say that there is little more to be said, until we are favored with an autobiography by Dr. HOLMES himself. I will add that, meanwhile, Allibone's Dictionary of Biography contains two columns of praise, in which OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is compared to SPENCER, POPE, DRYDEN, HOOD, DICKENS, and almost every one else whom it is in the least worth while being compared to—a biographical method which, if a little uncritical and "mixed" in tone, is a very good way of saying that Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, whatever Posterity (for whose opinion he would probably care very little) might think, was in the estimation of his contemporaries clearly A 1 as a man and a writer.

I shall never be able to regard HOLMES as, first and foremost, a Poet, although a vein of poetry and admirable sentiment runs through all his prose. I shall say he is first Essayist, and Poet afterwards; and this because he is never "rapt," never quite caught up into Heavens inaccessible to ordinary fancy and baffling to common intelligence. He is, indeed, full of intuition, but far too reflective ever to be quite inspired. The "Metrical Essay" and "Astæa" resound with high strains, and his longer poems contain bright bursts of patriotism and noble religious utterances, as well as those sudden transitions to satire and almost low comedy, which remind one of poor ROBSON'S fitful moods. I would that he had written more lyrics. I believe that such exquisite verses as the "Violet" and the "Water-lily" the world will not willingly let die.

He is so far a didactic *and* lyric poet. In Amer-

ica HOLMES has acquired a great reputation as a writer of *vers de société*. His longer efforts in this direction remind me of a class of lampoons and satires more fashionable in the days of BYRON and TOM MOORE than in ours; and it is curious to note that, whilst America may be considered generally a good fifty years ahead of Europe in many of her social and commercial phases, in her literature she still relishes, both for prose and poetry, the essay style of WASHINGTON IRVING, and the epigramatic satire of POPE, which received its last English rehabilitation at the hands of HAZLITT. This description of two persons meeting in the street is altogether in POPE'S manner—

"Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely struck,
Their meeting so was such a piece of luck!
So then they talk, in dust or mud or snow.
Both bored to death, and both afraid to go."

Or this timely slap in the face for America—

"Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways!
Too apt too purr at every stranger's praise;
But if the stranger touch thy modes or laws,
Off goes the velvet, and out come the claws."

These are from his longer satires. They are little read in England, where so many of their allusions can hardly be relished or even understood. The popularity in America of his comic skits must also be largely due to local and personal causes. They belong to a class of which we have had more than enough. We always like a good fellow to get up at a supper-party or a dull wedding-breakfast, and make a clever speech, and perhaps even recite a facetious poem. We can sometimes, in intimate circles of men, especially when the edge of taste is not very sharp, tolerate a song; but few of such ebulitions of the hour are worth transplanting, and

many, like Mr. SPURGEON'S jokes, lose their point when repeated outside. In this *genre* HOLMES seems to me below HOOD in fertility, whilst the "Spectre Pig" and the "Ballad of the Oysterman" are hardly equal to many of BON GAULTIER'S Ballads or HORACE SMITH'S "Rejected Address," although I admit that the "Organ Grinder"—whilst inferior to CALVERLEY'S inimitable poem—is nevertheless very excellent fooling.

But Dr. HOLMES' great charm is, after all, his own personality. He really "sees himself in all he sees," and he makes us feel that we connot see too much of him. He has selected his literary vehicle with the surest tact. His favorite method is *unique* in its handling and application. It is announced in one phrase, "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

The American boarding-house is in many respects different from anything that we have in this country, chiefly on account of the very varied classes who are willing to meet and associate for a time on equal terms, and the very superior people who occasionally find a *modus vivendi* there congenial to themselves.

The "Professor," the "Autocrat," and the "Poet at the Breakfast Table" are summed up in three volumes, now universally popular. Of these the "Autocrat" is the first and most widely read; the "Professor" is, to our mind, the best; and the "Poet" is the mere after-glow of a method which the writer himself seems to feel is at last played out. He has, in fact, by the time he figures as the "Poet," said very neary all he has to say. The "Autocrat" is his own Boswell. He talks and

talks, and the rest chime in occasionally. As the breakfasts succeed each other, the doings of the subordinate characters develop into something like a plot, which culminates sadly in the "Professor" with the death of the real hero, and gladly in the "Autocrat" with the marriage of that oracular but genial person himself.

The characters, though slight—mere pegs for wit and wisdom, as some might say—are all put in with such vivid touches, that they get quite alive after the first two or three mornings. We have the vulgar gentleman with the dressy—too dressy—waistcoat, blue-black moustache, showy cravat, and large diamond pin. He is called appropriately the Koh-i-noor. There is the anxious landlady, nervous about finance, solvent lodgers, and the "staying" power of the dishes when they show a tendency to give out before completing the round. There is the pale and interesting young schoolmistress, whose cheeks are nevertheless capable of coloring up under appropriate circumstances, such as I may have to allude to presently. There is a strange little deformed gentleman, full of oddity and intellect, whose talk is always incisive, trenchant, caustic, and interesting—full of keen sensibility, and with a certain covered vein of tenderness which relieves the enduring bitterness and sense of general failure and disappointment riveted upon him by his unhappy personal deformity. And then, in the "Professor at the Breakfast Table," we have that most charming of all Dr. HOLMES' creations, the lovely Iris—a bright sunny blonde, with shining hair and a radiant joyousness—most winning in her moods of touching and spontaneous sensibility; a pure, deep,

passionate soul, with great width and tenderness, and a certain divine simplicity which makes her the innocent bright angel of the book. I know nothing in CHARLOTTE BRONTË finer than the delicate *rapprochement* which takes place between the lovely Iris and the little-deformed gentleman; and the whole account of his rapid decline and death is equal to any piece of romance writing—I had almost said biography—that I have ever read.

But although the episodes in the "Professor" are more highly wrought than in the "Autocrat" or the "Poet" the charm of all three books is the same. All are so many masks—living masks, but under the writer's perfect control; not like THACKERAY'S characters, often rebellious, saying and doing all kinds of things which surprise the author, and compel him to follow instead of to lead. These masks are pushed aside at any moment, thrown down and taken up, interrupted, silenced or encouraged, as occasion or the humor of the moment may demand. But even when the mask is on, the kind face of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is wont to peep through—sad sometimes with pathos and pity, as when the great procession of unloved women, the lonely, the forsaken, the forlorn, the suffering passes before him; filled sometimes with large and wise toleration for the erring and sinful ones; bowing reverently before the painful riddle of this earth, yet sensitive to every vibration of the human heart; keenly open to life at all points, "with its great, glad aboriginal instincts," its bursts of passion, its healthy joyousness, its sad, despairing undertones, its noble sacrifice; and, lastly, I notice throughout the most shrewd and delicate insight into character,

born of wide sympathies and unrivaled powers of observation.

I shall now put together what I may call a short mind biography of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. I always like to realize the kind of man I have to deal with. It helps me to read his books and to read them aright. I like to feel the teacher at my elbow, especially this teacher; to look round and find him near, with his grave, kind face, his beautiful smile—his eye flashing indignation at wrong, brightening at generosity or heroism, and not incapable of shedding a manly tear over human folly, weakness or misfortune.

If you want to take the general bearings of a man's soul, you have only got to ask and answer, if you can, a few leading questions, such as: first, what are his Ideals; what does he admire or detest most—love most to be or to do? Second, what kind of Religion has he got? Third, what views does he take of his own profession and its general Aims? Fourth, how does he think and speak about Women? First, Ideals.

"A man's opinions, look you," says Holmes, "are generally of much more value than his arguments."

Which reminds me of a letter I once received from a clever editor, along with a manuscript "returned with thanks," as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I offer you no apology or explanation in returning your manuscript, for my experience has taught me that, whereas an editor is usually right in his decision, he is invariably wrong when he attempts to give his reasons.

"Yours, etc."

A man's opinions are wont to form his Ideal. His reasons for his opinions are often made up later, and they may be good, bad, or indifferent.

"Once fix a man's ideals, and for the most part the rest is easy. A wants to die worth half a million. Good! B, female, wants to catch him and outlive him. All right! Minor details at our leisure."

No number of high-flown considerations will mend that situation or save that character.

HOLMES is generous in his estimates, but generosity does not exclude severity. The loving heart can pour forth its scorn upon meanness, and he who well knows how to pardon Frailty can stamp with a pitiless heel upon Dishonor. There are some actions which mar and stain a man to the core; there are some sins which have no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the world to come. Let a man once deliberately commit himself to such and such a meanness, as we sometimes see done under the sun; let him barter honor, purity, the happiness of others —not for passion, not in weakness, not even for ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, but for *pelf*, for *filthy lucre*, for Iago's "get money in thy purse!"—and such a character goes down forever in the opinion of all good men. Others may flatter him, crowds may attend his receptions and eat his dinners, but there is one whose verdict is not to be bought. He stands apart, and we will stand with him, and hear the tale. What? eh? You say he married for money, and it was on such wise, thus. threw over a woman, gave up, sold, bribed, lied—nay, perjured himself—and *did it for money?* All right! keep your apologies, spare your "extenuating circumstances." "Minor details at our leisure."

Ah! let the cynic and mere selfish utilitarian say what he will, there is something in the passionate love of goodness that wins the ear of the ages and masters the heart of man from generation to gener-

ation. It is the infallible test by which we involuntarily weigh the greatest spirits. MOSES, SOCRATES, PAUL, and above these the DIVINE MAN, are all safely enthroned; and on other pinnacles, which scarcely reach up to their pedestals, come, lower down, ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, HOMER, GOETHE, and even SHAKESPEARE.

No one is a more enthusiastic admirer of genius than OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES; but his ideal is moral, not intellectual, and he proclaims aloud, sometimes perhaps without being aware of it himself, the glories of a kingdom not of this world. Thus, after a glowing eulogy upon Genius, he exclaims, with the contagious fervor of irresistible conviction—

"And yet when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of pure gold."

Our Age is sometimes called Materialistic and Utilitarian—in the sensual and selfish senses of these words. But is it nothing to live at a Time when, in spite of all, the popular idols are still based upon the Supremacy of Moral Excellence? It is enough; it is everything. In this America is fortunate, distinguished, and incalculably influential.

Do not EMERSON, LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORN, LOWELL, and HOLMES all ring true to the Supremacy of the Moral and Spiritual nature of man?

Watchwords often of mere narrowness—the very catspaws of Sectarian bigotry. Yet do I find nothing priggish, puritanical, or repellant in the writings of these typical Americans.

HOLMES is singularly companionable, and as the French say, *intime*. We feel that he is so delight-

ful, that we long to trust him, "in all," and we may do so safely. There is nothing about him to be left out, hardly a word or an utterance that I desire to modify, nor a counsel I can afford to disregard. He is not like BYRON, who dazzles us, or SWIFT, who domineers over us, or STERNE, who trifles with us, nor is he a mere wag, like some of the later American humorists; but he is one to rest in, to travel with. We love to have him close to us—our welcome guide, philosopher, and friend.

Second, Religion. If any one asked Dr. HOLMES, as it is said a lady once asked Dr. JOHNSON, "Pray what is your religion?" he might possibly answer in the words of the English sage: "Madam, I am of the religion of all sensible men." "And pray what is that?" said the lady. "That, madam," he replied, "is a thing which all sensible men keep to themselves." And yet HOLMES is far from keeping it all to himself. It creeps out in little wise aphorisms, such as:

"Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater."

Sometimes it pierces through the thin veil of narrative, as when the divinity student approaches the sick-bed of the little deformed gentleman, and finds in him a master rather than a disciple.

"'Shall I pray *with* you?' he said, after a pause. A little before, he would have said, 'Shall I pray *for* you?' The Christian religion, as taught by its Founder, is full of sentiment; so we must not blame the divinity student if he was overcome by those yearnings of human sympathy, which predominate so much more in the sermons of the Master than in the writings of his successors—which have made the parable of the prodigal son the consolation of mankind, as it has been the stumbling block of all exclusive doctrines. 'Pray,' said the little gentleman."

And the prayer that follows is so sweet and

solemn, so deep and tender, and so purely religious, that it may hardly find a place in a lecture on an American humorist.

But HOLMES is a man who needs, above all, to be looked at all round. His very humor is deeply interwoven with serious elements, and this last interview of the divinity student with the little gentlemen, in which the tables are so suddenly turned, and theology stands abashed before the religion of the heart, is in itself one of the deepest strokes of pathetic humor. After this, we need not be surprised to find that, whilst ignoring the various theological *isms*, which do so much more to divide than to unite the hearts of the faithful, HOLMES has the liveliest sympathy with all earnest worshippers, and quite a love for religious assemblies in general.

"'I am,' says the Professor—and we can scarcely mistake the voice that speaks—'a regular churchgoer. I should go, for various reasons, if I did not love it; but I am happy enough to find great pleasure in the midst of devout multitudes, whether I can accept all their creeds or not.'"

I suppose, if we must label our subject, he must be labeled "Broad Church," although I should be disposed to claim something a great deal more significant, definite—dogmatic, if you will—under that name than he would probably agree to.

"The Broad Church, I think, will never be based upon anything that requires the use of language. Freemasonry gives the idea of such a Church. The cup of cold water does not require to be translated for a foreigner to understand it. The only Broad Church possible is that which has its creed in the heart, and not in the head."

I should be tempted to add to without impairing this definition, by saying, "Ay, but in the head too, and on such and such wise, for of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, and the head will ever insist upon formulating and reformulating the

thoughts and feelings that are ever struggling up into spoken and written language." Hence the glory of poets, philosophers, and preachers. Does not some one nearer home teach us very well thus?—

> "Though truths in manhood darkly join,
> Deep-seated in our mystic frame,
> We yield all honor to the Name
> Of Him that made them current coin."

Third, his Profession. I like to know how a man views his daily occupation. Whether he grumbles at it, lounges through it, uses it mechanically to live by, or lives in it, and learns by it, and loves it. It is easy to see in almost every page of HOLMES' writing, that he loves the Doctor's profession because he loves human nature, and this helps him to study it in manifold byeways, to explore its secrets, to sound its heights and depths, and to minister like a kind angel to its weakness, pain, and sorrow.

"I have heard it said," he writes, "that the art of healing makes men hard-hearted, and indifferent to human suffering. I am willing to own that there is often a professional hardness in surgeons, just as there is in theologians, only much less in degree than in these last. A delicate nature will not commonly choose a pursuit which implies the habitual infliction of suffering, so readily as some gentler office; . . . yet you may be sure that some men, even among those who have chosen the task of pruning their fellow creatures, grow more and more thoughtful and truly compassionate in the midst of their cruel experience. They become less nervous, but more sympathetic; they have a truer sensibility for other's pain, the more they study pain and disease in the light of science. I have said this without claiming any special growth in humanity for myself, though I do hope I grow tenderer in my feelings as I grow older."

When I read this, I felt that I should like to have Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES to attend me. I think I should often feel a little poorly.

Fourth, Women.

I remember W. F. ROBERTSON, of Brighton, saying somewhere that there are two rocks upon which

a soul may be wrecked—God and the opposite sex. Indeed, as to the first, we can know little about a man until we know his general tone of thought about religion—as apart from the state of theological opinion at home or abroad; nor can we know a man at all well until we can give some account of his general tone of feeling about women—quite apart from the marriage laws or social conventions at home or abroad. I will at once put aside the male icicle, the man who is comparatively insensible to female attractions. In either sex you will find individuals of every degree of sensibility, and you will as often find the female icicle given up to proud, perhaps useful, spinsterhood or wretched matrimony, as you will find the born batchelor, to whom female society in any form appears to be either an accident or an aimless superfluity. But there are men with such a quick vein of sensibility that in women's society they seem to be half women themselves, without, strange to say, losing one wit of manliness. This combination may be rare, but it is by no means *unique*. In an unapproachable degree it existed in the Blessed Author of the Christian religion. This type, often quite as fascinating to men as to women is as far as the poles removed from maudling sentimentalism. It invariably means such an intense and immediate recognition of the essential psychology of men and women, such an intuitive knowledge, admiration, and love for the noblest, and such a tender pity for the weak and erring, that for the time the human heart is like a mirror, and sees reflected within itself the image that confronts, absorbs, and is absorbed by it.

The secret of DE BALZAC's enormous popularity was simply this, the whole womanhood of France—not a very pure, but a very passionate, vigorous, and, to a great extent, a suffering and oppressed race of wemon—felt that at last they were described by a man who understood them, and who estimated them not above, but certainly not below, their real worth. DE BALZAC did this by a prodigious feat of sympathetic imagination. He had never lived through what he described any more than MASSILLON or LACORDAIRE had lived through the sins they so eloquently analyzed and denounced. DE BALZAC saw bits of womanhood alive, and was well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of dead love. His genius enabled him to live in an ideal world—a world that became so real to him that he demanded no other. Into this world he summoned the living, breathing types of women who lived and moved and had their being in that real world, with which he had so little to do. You may say he lived with the shadows of women, not with women. Be it so; he nevertheless became their confessor, their consoler, and their immortal portrait painter. The sympathy which in DE BALZAC was ideal, is most simple, earnest, and real in OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, and his taste is far purer.

His belief in women is boundless; his love is wise; his admiration sincere, innocent, open. He often sketches them at full length, and still more often seizes a half length, three-quarters, or profile. He surprises them in tears; and grows light at heart and jubilant when he sees their fresh girl-faces wreathed in smiles. He is always respectful, always generous,

sometimes a little sly, but never undignified. The Professor is asked:

"Did I believe in love at first sight? 'Sir,' he exclaims, and there is an almost Johnsonian ring about the gravely frivolous reply, 'all men love all women—that is the *prima facie* aspect of the matter. They are so bound in duty and inclined by nature.' Then in a vein of sustained humor, he goes on to say that if there are any lawful exceptions to the above rule, the man is bound to stand forth at the bar of our common humanity, and show cause why he does not love any given woman. He may plead that he has not seen her; that she is a blackamoor, or ill-favored, or of tender age; or, lastly, that he is in love already, and then he will stand excused."

But he does not always jest on the subject, and his deep reverence for women is constantly allowing itself to be divined.

"There are at least three saints among the women to one among the men."

And his very reverence begets in him an extreme and more than oriental jealousy, but it is a jealousy of their souls, more than of their bodies. He is never so near being hard and exacting as when demanding the highest of a creature, so compounded of snow and flame that she seems at any moment ready to rise to the loftiest peaks or plunge into their corresponding abysses. Often, beneath a vein of tender exaggeration, we feel something of the Othello grip of a man fiercely in earnest with a being whom he feels to be at once sublime and frail.

"I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lies, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits, which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow."

Like WASHINGTON IRVING, THACKERAY, and all people who connected women's rights with the bloomer costume, a glass of water, and a green cotton umbrella, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is a little hard on strong-minded ladies and over education.

He has a very keen feeling of the atmosphere, the mind tendency, and the sort of activities most appropriate for women. No doubt, we have lived to see much of the early exaggeration of the woman's rights movement drop away, and we claim to have retained its solid benefits in the shape of improved legislation and a healthier view of what is due to women as members of the body politic. In fact, we are just now (1882) in the midst of that new phase in the woman's rights movement, which turns on the higher education of women—and I fear this, too, is in danger of going a little wild. I do not care, any more than does HOLMES, for the preponderance of the head over the heart in women. The type of schoolgirl-boy, with its long stride, its bag, and its books in a strap, indifferent to female grace and haughty about marriage—though, it may be, not quite recalcitrant—does not, as the French say, "smile to me."

I should be thrifty of sarcasm at any movement which women thought likely to improve their social or political condition. I should certainly encourage girls to read and take an interest in general literature or science; but, as far as I see, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES is substantially sound on the great woman's question, right and left, and in his own charming and tender way he utters the words of soberness and truth when he says:

"The brain woman never interests us like the heart women: white roses please less than red."

Yet are HOLMES' women no fools, like THACKERAY'S. His charming Iris is full of imagination and intelligence, and his schoolmistress is above the average in mind as well as in sensibility and personal grace. But whilst idolizing, as he evidently does,

what GOETHE called the "evig weibliche"—"the eternal feminine"—he knows how to be fair and generous to the exceptional women with masculine, or at least supra-feminine minds.

"We owe a genuine tribute of respect to those filtered intellects, who have left their womanhood on the strainer. They are so clear that it is a pleasure at times to look at the world of thought through them; *but the rose and purple tints of richer natures they cannot give us.*"

If he has ever jested or spoken unadvisedly with his lips about any of them, if he has been a little arbitrary or exacting, if he has insisted upon seeking the excellences of all women in every woman, and turned away disappointed to find that each woman lacked something, he stands forgiven; he makes his peace with the whole sex at the close of that pathetic passage in which the dear ministering angel of suffering humanity is painted, spending herself very willingly, and being spent, in those gentle charities which solace so many pains, and rob even death of some of his terrors—

"God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last!"

As I look back upon this rapid mind-sketch of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the nature of his ideals, the practical character of his religion, his large-heartedsympathy with men, women, and children, I can only say, "Heaven send us on this side of the Atlantic a teacher so wise and generous, so witty so tender, and so true!"

You may open any of the three volumes upon which HOLMES' fame really rests, the "Autocrat," the "Professor," or the "Poet," and find on every page aphorisms and epigrams which deserve to be framed, put down in your private note-book, or car

ried in your heart. I will transcribe a few specimens before proceeding, in a more systematic way, to note some flashes of his wit, atmospheres of his humor, and a fugitive, very fugitive glimpse of his novel-writings.

MEMORY.—"Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking."

CONTROVERSY.—"Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it."

UNPOPULAR OPINION.—"A man whose opinions are not attacked is beneath contempt;"

and

"Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other."

TENDENCY.—"I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving."

SECRETS.—"We never tell our secrets to people who jump for them."

FAME.—"Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else; rarely to those who say to themselves, 'Go to, now! let us be a celebrated individual!'"

PRAISE.—"You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, that those who ask your opinion really want your praise."

SINCERITY.—"Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?"

THE RED INDIAN.—"A few instincts on legs, flourishing a tomahawk."

His keen insight flashes out in many bright, brief, and admirably smart reflections; things we have often thought, never said. Hear him on comedy and tradegy:

"Wonder why authors and actors are ashamed of being funny? Why there are obvious reasons, and deep philosophical ones too. The clown knows very well that the women are not in love with him, but with Hamlet—the fellow yonder in the black coat and the plumed hat. Passion never laughs! The wit knows that his place is at the tail of the procession."

And here the balance of the situation is wisely kept, the true relation of comedy to life defined, with a practical tact which the comic man would at all times do well to ponder.

"If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an impressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man, he had better have been an ape, and stood at the head of his profession at once."

On one occasion, it is said, Mr. SPURGEON, being accused of a certain levity in the pulpit, was not eager to deny the soft impeachment, whereupon his censor, waxing indignant, exclaimed: "I wonder, sir, how you, a minister of the gospel, can venture to utter so many witticisms in the house of God." "Ah!" said the great preacher, with a pathetic little sigh, "you wouldn't if you knew how many I keep to myself."

Still, there was some force in the objector. It is very difficult for a really funny man to get credit for being anything else. The risible faculties are easiest stirred; we are more prone to laugh than to cry, and more prone to do either than to think. A wit who means to be taken seriously must beware of being too witty too often or too soon.

"Keep your wit in the background" says HOLMES, "until you have made a reputation by your more solid qualities; you will do nothing great with Macbeth's dagger, if you first come on flourishing Paul Pry's umbrella."

I like to repeat PORSON'S definition of wit—"the best sense in the world." How much wisdom lies in a witty proverb, how much condensed meaning in a terse epigram! HOLMES is never happier than when wrapping up his dose of thought in such an elegant gilt bolus as this:

MONEY.—"Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust."

There is a whole sermon in the first clause, "Put not your trust in money," and it may be preached on the text "the love of money is the root of all evil;" and the whole philosophy of

thrift is in the last, "put your money in trust." The secret of a sound investment is not the least important lesson to teach an age gone mad with "Rings" and suffering from bubble companies on the brain.

People travel a good deal now—Americans for cheapness, Germans for instruction, French for pleasure, and English it is impossible to say for what! But one experience is common to them all; it is this:

"Travelers change their guineas not their characters."

Travel shows people to themselves and to each other. Their character may not change, but "going about" often brings out their latent peculiarities. Once across the Channel, perhaps even before we get as far, we try conclusions and draw distinctions with our friend, not always without a difference. We knew he was lazy before, but we had no notion that he would not get up to see a sunrise or to catch the train. We knew he liked his dinner, but for the Alhambra or the Pyramids we thought dinner might wait. Well, at the end of the first week, he denounces you as radically unsound on the commissariat question, and in a fortnight he takes to his bed and will do nothing but smoke. "Men change their guineas, not their characters!"

Alas! the application can be made still more personal. How many of us rush abroad to drown anxiety or sorrow, to get rid of ourselves, we require only "change of air!" Miserable cheat! a mere, shallow cry got up like the Rhine castles and the live chamois goats, for the Cooke tourists. You change your guineas sure enough and take

your ticket; you are well over the water, you will enjoy the change. Ha! who is that on the pier who comes to meet you as you land? Why, it is the same dismal, woe-begone figure that you left a hundred miles behind you.

"What!" cries Emerson, "travellest thou so fast in the earth, old mole?" Even so! *You* are the old mole, none other; or, as ALFRED DE MUSSET poetically says:

> "Partout où j'ai touché la terre,
> Sur ma route est venu, s'asseoir
> Un malheureux vêtu de noir,
> Qui me ressemblait comme un frère."

In the more prosaic words of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: "Men change their guineas, not their characters."

A horsey country like ours will appreciate the following uncompromising, or perhaps rather compromising statement:

HORSES.—"He who is carried by horses must deal with rogues."

My own experience is that there are three things about which even good men have no conscience at all. The first is horses. The second is violins. The third is umbrellas. But, as I am in this cynical mood, let me finish and have done, for it is not a vein congenial to the spirit of our Autocrat, or to the warm summer life and the genial humanity which habitually suffuses his soul.

I will, therefore, allow him to utter but one last cynicism, at once mercenary and sentimental, on MATRIMONY:

> "Quoth Tom, 'Though fair her features be,
> It is her figure pleases me.'
> 'What may her *figure* be?' I cried.
> '*One hundred thousand*,' he replied."

No one understands atmospheres better than HOLMES. He will plant his seed in a certain soil, and it will develop after its kind. Do what you will, you can only see with his eyes for the time. You go round and round his plant—it develops and enlarges, but, like the flower out of a soil which has been tampered with chemically, it comes up all mauve or magenta, instead of white or red.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HAT.

Certain objects act upon HOLMES like the red flag on a bull. Amongst these is the "HAT." It always excites him. I should like to know what kind of hat OLIVOR WENDELL HOLMES is in the habit of wearing. Who is his hatter? I would venture to say he inclines more to the straw and wideawake than to the chimney-pot. It is nevertheless the chimney-pot hat which he contemplates with an almost vicious complacency of satire.

It evidently possesses for him a certain dangerous fascination; he cannot let it alone. A new hat, a shabby hat, a squashed hat, an old hat, each in turn attracts him, as the feather in the ladies' turban used to attract poor SOUTHERN when he came in as Garrick feigning drunkeness. Now he is in mock heroics—

> "Have a good hat. The secret of your looks
> Lives with the beaver in Canadian Brooks.
> Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
> But man and nature scorn the shocking hat!"

Or it is the damaged hat that is developed in three sententious propositions thus:

First, "A hat which had been popped by being sat down upon is never itself again afterwards."

Second. "It is a favorite illusion of sanguine natures to believe the contrary."

Third, "Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss suggestive of a wet brush."

He is evually happy on

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BUN.

"In order to know whether a human being is young or old, offer it food of different kinds at short intervals."

The crucial experiment is this—

"Offer a bulky and boggy bun to the suspected individnal just ten minutes before dinner. If this is eagerly accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established; if the subject of the question starts back and expresses surprise and incredulity, as if you could not possibly be in earnest, the fact of maturity is no less clear."

I will give but one more example of a perfectly whimsical atmosphere, in which HOLMES has had the wit to place another common human thing —a thing as common and human and familiar to us all as the hat or the bun.

It is the COUGH.

"Coughs are ungrateful things. You find one out in the cold; you take it up, nurse it, make everything of it, dress it up warm, give it all sorts of balsams, and other food it likes, and carry it around in your bosom as if it were a miniature lap-dog. And by-and-by, its little bark grows sharp and savage, and—confound the thing!—you find it is a wolf's whelp that you have got there, and he is gnawing in the breast where he has been nestling so long."

I can merly glance at HOLMES as a novelist. If I do not select for comment "The Guardian Angel" or "Elsie Venner," it is not because I do not recognize their merits. As novels they are not strong, but they are full of fragmentary studies of character and situations of genial and sometimes of weird fancy. If not unique, they are in many ways remarkable. The conception of "Elsie Venner" belongs almost entirely to the sphere of medical psychology. Strange animal tendencies are the commonplaces of insanity, and we may have

noticed in human beings odd facial likenesses to animals which have gone more than skin-deep. This borderland of mystery is just the one in which HOLMES' genius would be likely to revel, and a girl with the tendencies of a snake is quite the sort of person our philosopher would wish to describe and analyze. And he has done it. Still the genius of HOLMES will remain to the end desultory, fragmentary, capricious, and incapable of any sustained effort which would prevent him from flying off at some opportune tangent. From which it results that his desultory books are full of sustained interest, whilst his novels are, in spite of their power and originality, dull. That is why I take my specimens of his novel-writing from two books which are not novels. The sketch of Iris from the "Professor," and the sketch of the Schoomistress from the "Autocrat."

A writer hwo wants to describe a woman, and who understands his business, does not go through the catalouge of her charms. He knows better. He means *you* to do that for him, and to do it better than he could. He draws for each character upon the whole of your past experience; he puts in a touch here and a touch there, which suggests to you a vast deal more than even he dreams of. He tells you, for instance, of a blonde—a particular kind of blonde, not a cold blonde, with hairlike tow, but a blonde with the Summer through her blood, and the warm—not the cold—white complexion, and the shining hair with that gloss as of yellow floss silk that holds the light. You know exactly the sort of girl. All the beautiful blondes you have ever seen rise in your mind as you read, or rather a mental combina-

tion of them begins to glow and radiate out upon you from the cunning novelist's pages, and the thing is done. And so, too, he will treat you with a brunette, and all the beautiful brunettes you have ever seen will give her their charms. Or he will paint you the gown fitting close about the white throat of one of those delicate, pale but not sickly creatures —too sedentary, too thoughtful, scarcely alive to their own depths; unawakened, but quite ready to be awakened; sensible, quiet, and sensitive, and a little too slight, and there you have the young governess in the ', Autocrat."

But first let us have Iris. Nothing can be more subtle than the way in which she is indirecty sketched, from her cradle to the fulness of her glowing and sunny-hearted girlhood. Can anything exceed the fineness of touch, which in a few lines, describes her poor mother's death and her own birth?

"The poor lady (thy mother), seated with her companion at the chess-board of matrimony, had just pushed forward her one little white pawn (Iris) upon an empty square, when the black knight that cares nothing for castles or kings or queens, swooped down upon her and swept her from the larger board of life."

Iris appears about seventeen or eighteen at the boarding-house, and almost insensibly gravitates to the one inmate most remotely opposite to herself. She takes her seat at breakfast always by the side of the little deformed gentleman, whose brilliant conversation she loves to hear, and who grows more brilliant and original as she listens sympathetically. Iris read and thought too. She was an artist. She had a precious diary and a still more precious sketch-book. She had her secret thoughts, and yearnings, and aspirations, and ideals, and sadnesses, young as she was.

"A child? yes, if you choose to call her so—but such a child! Do you know how art brings all ages together? There

is no age to the angels and ideal human forms among which the artist lives, and he shares their youth until his hand trembles and his eye grows dim. But why this lover of the beatiful should be so drawn to one whom Nature has wronged so deeply seems hard to explain. Pity!—I suppose they say that leads to love."

Undoubtedly Iris was full of character. She was not a *negative*, but a *positive* blonde, with the golden tint running through her.

"Come, probably enough, from those deep-bosomed German women that TACITUS portrayed in such strong colors."

Though positive, she was intensely receptive. Something of the little deformed gentleman's own peculiar energy and mental vigor seemed at times to be reflected in her. She had an odd temperament too; was given to sleep walking. One of her pretty trances is prettily told, and is a little weighted with an abnormal mesmeric suggestion. It was on this wise:

The little gentleman, it appears, was very strong in his shoulders and arms; his hand could hold you like a vice. The Professor meets Iris in her night-walking, asleep. Awaking from her trance, "she took my hand. 'I feel,' she said, 'as if all my strength were in this arm,'" She tightened her grasp in the Professor's hand.

"Good heavens! she will crack my bones! All the nervous power of her body must have flashed through those muscles! Iris turned pale and the tears came to her eyes. She saw she had given me pain. Then she trembled, and might have fallen but for me. The poor little soul had been in one of those trances which belongs to the spiritual pathology of higher natures, mostly those of women."

The pathetic relation between the poor little, embittered, deformed gentleman and the lovely, Sympathetic Iris has now to be worked up. A few touches here and there suffice.

"One thing is sure—the interest she takes in her little neighbor is getting to be more engrossing than ever. Something is the matter with him, and she knows it, and, I think worries herself about it."

Soon after the professor writes:

"I must tell Iris that her poor friend is in a precarious

state. She seems nearer to him than anybody, I did tell her. Whatever emotion it produced, she kept a still face. . . . 'He shall have some of my life,' she said, A fancy, I suppose, of a kind of magnetic power she could give out. I cannot help thinking she wills her strength away from herself. I have sometimes thought he gained the force she lost— a whim very probably."

As the crisis approaches, we are, of course, put off in various ways, according to the Professor's peculiar and desultory method of treatment. The deepening of Iris' character by contact with suffering is emphasized by the introduction of one of HOLMES' most delicate lyrics, "Under the Violets," said to have been found in the young girl's album

UNDER THE VIOLETS.

"Her hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut from life and light.
Fold the white vesture, snow on, snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

"But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

"And gray old trees of hugest limb,
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

"When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And thro' their leaves the robins call;
And, ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

"For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel voice of spring
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

"When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Here little mourners, clad in black—
The crickets, sliding thro' the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

"'At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

"'If any born of kindlier blood
Should ask: 'What maiden lies below?'
Say only this: 'A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.'"

We are soon ushered into the little gentleman's sick room—that strange, haunted apartment, which no boarder, except, perhaps—and only perhaps—the young girl, was ever allowed to enter.

One night the Professor, who had now become the invalid's medical man, on issuing forth from the sick chamber, meets Iris in one of her trances. This scene will bear no second description; it is a masterpiece of refinement, and the novelist is certainly here at his very best. He never does better, except, perhaps, in the pathetic last chapter of the little gentleman's life, to which I must now hasten on.

"'I know it all,' said Iris, his self-appointed nurse. 'He is going to die, and I must go and sit by him. Nobody will care for him as I shall, and I have nobody else to care for.'",

Soon after this the divinity student pays the little gentleman a well-intentioned and kindly visit; but an allusion to his sins calls forth a last brilliant tirade from the little man, full of eloquence and pathos.

"'I have learned to accept meekly what has been allotted to me, but I cannot honestly say that I think my sin has been greater than my suffering. I bear the ignorance and the evil-doing of whole generations in my single person. I never drew a breath of air, nor took a step that was not a punishment for another's fault. I may have had many wrong thoughts, but I cannot have done many wrong deeds, for my cage has been a narrow one and I have paced it alone. I have looked through the bars and seen the great world of men busy and happy, but I had no part in their doings. I have known what it is to dream of great passions; but since my mother kissed me before she died, no woman's lips have pressed my cheek—nor ever will.' The young girl's eyes glitter with a sudden film, and almost without a thought, but with a warm human instinct that rushed up into her face

with her heart's blood, she bent over and kissed him. It was the sacrament that washed out long years of bitterness, and I should hold it an unworthy thought to defend her. The little gentleman repaid her with the only tear any of us ever saw him shed.

"The divinity student rose from his place, and, turning away from the sick man, walked to the other side of the room, where he bowed his head and was still. All the questions he had meant to ask had faded from his memory. The tests he had prepared by which to judge of his fellow creature's fitness for heaven seemed to have lost their virtue. He could trust the crippled child of sorrow to the Infinite Parent. The kiss of the fair-haired girl had been like a sign from heaven, that angels watched over him whom he was presuming but a moment before to summon before the tribunal of his private judgment."

I can afford to make the sketch of the schoolmistress much slighter. It will resolve itself into one or two sentimental touches and a love scene—always the crucial test of a writer of fiction, and one in which HOLMES will not be found wanting. The *dramatis personæ* are a gentleman of middle age—the Autocrat, in fact—with much of the vivacity of youth and more than the loquacity of age, which is a fair statement, as he talks almost uninterruptedly through two hundred pages of close print; and the schoolmistress, that same pale young person, with the tight neatly fitting dress close up to her neck, with a little bit of ribbon or flower to set off her delicate complexion,—not at all a sickly young woman, but perhaps suffering from a little over-attention to her class and suppression of young vigorous life, which sorely wanted a run in the fields or a ramble on the mountains—and—well, it must be admitted, a manly bosom for the wise and gentle head to rest upon. But HOLMES shall put her upon the canvas, with a few of his own effective strokes of the brush—

"The schoolmistress came down, with a rose in her hair, a fresh June rose. She had been walking early. She has brought back two others, one on each cheek."

The Autocrat—a decidedly staid, sober-minded, and philosophical gentleman—is much drawn to this young person. He talks rather better when she is listening, and often looks for her approval,

which he appears invariably to get. In the free and easy life at an American boarding-house, nothing could be more natural than an occasional walk before or between school hours, and an occasional walk she and the Autocrat had together.

"'This is the shortest way,' she said, as they came to the corner. "'Then we won't take it,' said I."

When they got home, he could not help noticing that her color was a little heightened. It certainly become her.

"I felt sure," he adds, "it would be useful to her to take a stroll like this every morning."

The intelligent reader, after this, begins to look for the inevitable result, and is much relieved to read, after one or two such strolls:

"I'm afraid I have been a fool, for I have told as much of myself to this young person as if she were of that ripe and discreet age which invites confidence and expansive utterance."

However he soon gets over this indiscretion, and decides that another morning walk would be good for him; and, besides, the schoolmistress will be glad of a little fresh air before school. He is, in fact, falling step by step an easy and willing victim, whilst most comically standing out for it that he never once made love to the young woman in any one of those walks. However, he is forced to admit that what he calls:

"The throbbing flushes of the poetical intermittent have been coming over me of late;"

and the growing flame is fanned by the ingenuous ecstasy of the schoolmistress at his glowing descriptions of distant scenes, the glories of the Alps, and so forth.

"'If I thought I should ever see the Alps,' said she.
"'Perhaps you will some time or other.'

"*Mental tableau.*

"[Chamouni—Mont Blanc in full view; figures of the foreground; two of them standing apart, one of them a gentleman of—oh!—ah!—yes!—the other a lady in a white cashmere shawl, leaning on his shoulder, etc.]."

Of course, the drama can no more stand still at this point than a rolling ball on an inclined plane, and we are quite prepared for this style of thing:

"Once in a while one meets with a single soul," etc., etc.;

Or—

"I saw that eye and lip and every shifting element were made for love."

Naturally; but still this sophistical Autocrat has the effrontery to reiterate:

"I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks."

Ah! well, there are more ways than one of making love. But the indefinite postponement, the endless digressions, the Autocrat's moods, emotions, and their self-deceptions are so agreeable that we are quite sorry to come, as come we must, to the last walk!

"It was on the common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of them runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward, across the whole length of the common, to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

"I felt very weak indeed—though of a tolerable robust habit—as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question—

"'Will you take the long path with me?'

"'Certainly,' said the schoolmistress; 'with much pleasure.'

"'Think,' I said, 'before you answer. If you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more.'

"The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

"One of the large granite rocks used as seats was hard by; it's one you may still see close to the giuko tree.

"'Pray, sit down,' I said.

"'No, no,' she answered softly; 'I will walk the *long path* with you!'

"The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking arm-in-arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, 'Good morning, my dears.'"

WHAT IS SAID OF

The Elzevir Library.

"THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY is perfection, and the poor will always be your debtor for the happy idea."—JOHN B. LYBROOK, Blacksburg, Va.

"Such efforts as this to popularize good literature are highly commendable."—THE GAZETTE, St. Joseph, Mo.

"We do not know where one can obtain so large an amount of choice and valuable reading matter for so small an amount of money."—COMMERCIAL, Caldwell, Kans.

"This is a new literary venture sure to command a large measure of success."—CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, Toronto, Canada.

"Too much cannot be said in praise of this effort to give good books to the multitude at merely nominal cost."—COMMONWEALTH, Boston, Mass.

"A deliciously charming collection of choice literature is furnished at fabulously low figures, and it is an ever increasing wonder how so much can be given for so little."—DAILY TIMES, Passaic, N. J.

"Think of procuring these immortal productions at 2 cents each!"—STAR AND COVENANT, Chicago, Ill.

"Decidedly the most unique venture in a literary way to which the public has yet been treated."—DAILY AMERICAN, Nashville, Tenn.

"A new and astonishing departure in the direction of cheap literature; the greatest attraction in point of cheap and good reading that any publisher has yet offered."—THE MAIL, Toronto, Canada.

"They are really gems that should be in possession of every family in the land."—RURAL CITIZEN, Jacksboro, Texas.

"Mr. Alden is proving himself a real benefactor, by this new, readable, and valuable publication."—REPUBLICAN, Waterbury.

"Alden has made the great books cheap as primers were a few years ago, and brought the genius of thinkers of the world to the door of the poorest boy or girl."—TRIBUNE, Sioux City, Iowa.

"Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest, is the proper fashion in which to characterize this literary enterprise. Every specimen is some bright and important contribution to literature."—THE POST-EXPRESS, Rochester, N. Y.

"The first number of the ELZEVIR LIBRARY is about 'as big as a pinch of snuff,' but it contains Irving's Rip Van Winkle, carefully edited and well printed.—It is a miracle of cheapness."—THE IRON PORT, Escanaba, Mich.

Ancient Classics
FOR ENGLISH READERS

This famous and delightful series began publication in THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY, March 16th, 1883, and is also being issued in bound volumes as indicated. The volumes will be published at intervals of a few days till the series is complete.

1. Cæsar. By Anthony Trollope.
2. Herodotus. Geo. C. Swayne.
3. Cicero. By W. L. Collins.
4. Demosthenes. By Rev. W. J. Brodribb.
5. Aristotle. By Sir Alex. Grant.
6. Plato. By C. W. Collins.
7. Horace. By Theodore Martin.
8. Juvenal. By Edw. Walford.
9. Tacitus. By W. B. Donne.
10. Virgil. By W. L. Collins.
11. Homer: The Iliad. W. L. Collins
12. Homer: The Odyssey. By W. L. Collins.
13. Xenophon. Sir. Alex. Grant.
14. Æeschylus. By the Bishop of Colombo.
15. Sophocles. By C. W. Collins.
16. Pliny. Church and Brodribb.
17. Aristophanes. W. L. Collins.
18. The Greek Anthology. By Lord Neaves.
19. Euripides. By W. B. Donne.
20. Livy. By W. L. Collins.
21. Ovid. By Rev. A. Church.
22. Thucydides. By W. L. Collins.
23. Lucian. By W. L. Collins.
24. Plautus and Terence. By W. L. Collins.
25. Lucretius. By W. H. Mallock.
26. Pindar. By Rev. F. D. Morice.
27. Hesiod and Theognis. By Rev. J. Davies.

Price of each number or volume: Paper, **15 cents**; cloth, **50 cents.**

The series will also be issued, bound three volumes in one, arranged in the order above given, in which form they will be sold at the following prices per volume: Cloth, **60 cents**; half Russia, **75 cents.**

The aim of this unique and scholarly series is to open to the unlearned English reader the beauties and treasures of classic lore, tell who the writers were, give some connected outline of the story they tell, present some of their most striking passages in choice English translation, and illustrate them from the wealth of modern scholarship. The separate volumes having never been sold at less than $1.00 each, they are now for the first time brought within reach of the mass of readers who need and delight in such pearls of literature.

"Each successive issue only adds to our appreciation of the learning and skill with which this admirable enterprise of bringing the best classics within easy reach of English readers is conducted."—NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

"One of the most ingenious and successful literary enterprises of the day."—EVERY SATURDAY.